

A U R E L I A;

OR,

THE CONTEST:

AN HEROI-COMIC POEM.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

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O R

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AN HEROI-COMIC POEM;

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MODERN MANNERS.

The Rev. Sam. Hoole.

QUAM MULTA INJUSTA AC PRAVA FIUNT MORIBUS!

TER. HEAUT.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.

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The Rev. John G. ...

ONAM MULTA INIUSTA AC PRAVA TUNT MONIBUS !
TERR. REANT.

I O N :



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M. DCCC. LXXXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS many Readers may be unacquainted with AZÄEL, the chief Agent in the machinery of the following Poem, a short summary of those absurd rabbinical Fables which relate to that Demon, is here extracted from the First Volume of Ancient Universal History.

It was supposed by Josephus, Philo Judæus, and several others, that Angels, before the flood, were enamoured of women; but this opinion was chiefly propagated by a forgery entitled The Prophecy of Enoch; which asserts, that when men were greatly encreased, they had daughters of such excellent beauty, that the *Egregori*, or watching angels, fell in love with them, and proposed to one another, that they should go down, and attach themselves to the daughters of Eve; to which SEMIAZAS, their prince, agreed, after they had sworn
that

that they would not, by receding from their resolution, leave him to bear the guilt alone. They accordingly descended on the top of mount Hermon, and in the year of the world one thousand one hundred and seventy, chose themselves wives, to whom they communicated the arts of magic and incantment. AZAZEL, or AZÄEL, one of the princes of these offending angels, taught the working of metals, particularly gold and silver, and the methods of fashioning various ornaments for the women: he also instructed them in the preparing of cosmetics, the polishing of precious stones, and the art of dying. In like manner each of the *Egregori* revealed certain pernicious secrets to his wives and children; by which means folly and wickedness prevailed greatly over the earth, and the arch-angels were commanded to bind the princes of those transgressors, and throw them into the Abyss, there to be kept to the day of judgment.

SHAMHOZAI, or SEMIAZAS, is said by Bereshi Rabba, in his commentary on the sixth chapter of Genesis, to have repented of his crime, and, by way of penance, to have hung himself up between heaven and earth, in which posture he yet remains; but AZÄEL continuing impenitent, still presides over the toilets of women.

Such is the short account of the imaginary Being, which the author of this little piece has employed as

the Demon of Fashion. With respect to the work itself little is to be said, and indeed an author cannot say too little of his own performance: yet he begs leave to observe, that although part of this Poem, which was written several years since, may be said to resemble Pope's most excellent satire of the Rape of the Lock, yet it is hoped that it will not be thought a servile imitation. His fair readers will not, surely, think him guilty of any disrespect to the sex in general, if he has endeavoured to throw a feeble shaft of ridicule at some of the prevailing follies of our modern *fine ladies*, who seem to imagine that they were born for no other end than to dress and to be admired.

The ladies of Britain have too much personal beauty to need any assistance from art, and too much natural understanding to make it necessary for them to depend on their outward charms alone for admiration and praise.— But the richest soil, it has often been observed, if neglected or ill-managed, will produce the greatest abundance of weeds, and that mind, which might have been capable of the noblest exertions, will often, from the bias of preposterous education and the contagion of evil example, be fixed on the most trifling and absurd objects.

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- Page 5. l. 6. for *Post was never*, read *Herald ne'er was*.
 7. l. 7. for *he*, read *him*.
 48. l. 10. for *beauteous*, read *lovely*.
 53. l. 10. for *modes*, read *caps*.
 68. l. 3. for *toil*, read *care*.

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CANTO

C A N T O I.

OF BEAUTY long confin'd in FOLLY's chain,
Mislid by FASHION and her glittering train,
Of evils springing from that thirst of praise
Which fires the youthful dames of modern days,
Which taught them all the various arts they know,
" Brought Dress into the world, and all our woe,"
I sing; Ye Nine! the wonderous tale rehearse,
And lofty actions found in lofty verse.

O'er eastern hills, pale-gleaming from afar,
On wings of silver flies the Morning Star;

B

Now

Now red-cloak'd saints to tabernacle creep,
 Forget their worldly cares, and fall asleep;
 And now, their heads with empty baskets crown'd,
 Their garments tatter'd, and their hair unbound,
 To Billingsgate the black-eyed virgins throng,
 Whispering soft murmurs as they march along.

KITTY, bright handmaid of the brightest fair
 That treads the plains, or breathes this smoaky air,
 Had watch'd from closing eve till rising morn,
 Impatient watch'd AURELIA's slow return;
 Who, toss'd on Dissipation's restless wave,
 Lost half the worth that liberal Nature gave:
 But timorous KITTY was so fearful grown,
 No longer could she bear to watch alone;
 Soon as her mistress to the rout repairs,
 Impatient JOHN ascends the winding stairs;
 With him, no more she fears nocturnal shades,
 That haunt the dreams of solitary maids,

His

His magic presence awes th' intruding sprite,
And lays the dreaded goblins of the night.

Warn'd by those sounds that tell the coming day,
In haste she sends her guardian faint away ;
For now the last nocturnal pleasures cease,
Now midnight-balls the well-dress'd crouds release ;
The fair unwilling quit th' illumin'd dome,
For O ! what well-bred nymph can relish home ?
Th' attentive damsel, listening, seems to hear
In every sound the rolling chariot near :
At length quick thunders rend the door—the ground
Quakes—while the spacious hall repeats the sound :
Thus, ere some conquering monarch treads the stage,
Triumphant sounds our listening ears engage,
The glad huzzas, the war-announcing drums,
And brazen trumpets tell—the hero comes !
Or when great JUPITER inclined to rove,
Has left his heavenly for an earthly love,

Soon as the God in all his pride returns,
 Red lightnings flash, the glaring ether burns,
 Loud thunders roll, the heavenly turrets nod,
 And all the astonish'd powers confess the God!
 So darting flambeaus flash around the dame,
 And thundering raps her near approach proclaim.

Now view the Goddess in her easy chair,
 With down-cast eyes, and discontented air,
 Careless she lolls, with toil, with grief oppress'd,
 Unmindful of the gauze-besprinkled vest;
 The snowy arm her drooping head sustains,
 And thus, with faltering voice, the nymph complains:

“ Why was I born with more transcendent charms,
 Than those which rous'd the Grecian world to arms?
 Why met in me, for so my lovers swore,
 The grace of D****, the sense of M****?
 Each morn, new offerings on my toilet shone,
 Each morn, new vassals crouch'd before my throne;

For

For me, dull cits, O waste of precious time !
 Forsook arithmetic and studied rhyme ;
 Nay, silken beaus, desponding lovers grown,
 Gaz'd on my charms, forgetful of their own—
 AURELIA's name to distant lands was spread,
 Where yet the Morning Post was never read ;
 Beyond the tawny nabob's gorgeous throne,
 And far as routs and masquerades are known.
 And shall these many glories fade away,
 Ere yet one dazzling beauty feels decay ?
 O ! rather bear me to the shades of night,
 Where no bright flambeau darts its envied light ;
 Snatch me, half naked, to the frozen pole,
 Where no dear *Solo* steals upon the soul,
 Where no soft youths in shining fatten move,
 Sigh at our feet, and whisper well-bred love ;
 Whelm me, where Nilus pours his seven-fold tide,
 Or where black streams through horrid WAPPING glide ;
 Bid me no more my dear Bijou caress,
 Or bid me cease to live—or cease to dress !”

“ Forbid

" Forbid it heaven !" th' observant maid reply'd,
 " Forbid it honour, and forbid it pride !
 Shall homage cease ere youthful charms decay ?
 Shall the *beau monde*, who view thee day by day,
 To whom thy beauties life and being give,
 Forget that by AURELIA's smiles they live ?
 Ah ! no—when HEALTH forgets her GRAHAM's name,
 And KATTERFELTO feels the blush of shame,
 When blooming toasts for rural quiet sigh,
 And gothic sportsmen at an opera die,
 When saints in crouds to theatres repair,
 Then shall the world forget that you are fair !"

" Alas, my faithful girl !" the Beauty cries,
 " No fancied griefs have wak'd these heaving sighs,
 But base affronts, no belle unmov'd can see ;
 Another shares that homage due to me !
 O may this fatal night through BRITAIN's clime
 Be mark'd with horror to remotest time !

Let no young VESTRIS on this night appear,
 No PACCHIEROTTI strike the ravish'd ear,
 No Rout, no Dance, no pleasure let it share,
 Shunn'd by the swains, and hated by the fair
 FLORIO, the gaudiest of the gaudy train,
 Pert FLAVIA leads a captive in her chain;
 Even he, whom nymphs the prince of beaux confess,
 The first in beauty, and the first in dress;
 The Graces join to form his courtly air,
 Direct his steps—and decorate his hair;
 His breath more fragrant than Sabeian spice;
 His teeth proclaim great HEMET's dentifrice!
 No hardy youth his dictates dare oppose,
 Or slight the buckle which his taste has chose;
 O! think what grief a swain like this to hear
 Pouring soft flatt'ry in a rival's ear;
 He prais'd her *bon-mots* and her repartee,
 And scarcely said a civil thing to me;
 O! how my tortur'd heart with anguish bled,
 To see him smile at all the creature said,

Though

Though dull as jests which city wits repeat,
 Gothic and barbarous as the beef they eat !
 He prais'd her taste, admir'd her tangled hair,
 Unshap'd and hideous as the Russian bear,
 Vile as the *têtes* that strike our wondering fight
 At country boroughs on a race-ball night :
 How could he ogle such a vulgar she !
 How could he kneel to any nymph—but me !

When at the board the rattling dice were heard,
 And kings and queens in painted pride appear'd,
 Listening to hear what beauteous FLORIO said,
 I, thoughtless, play'd a heart when spades were led ;
 But when I mark'd his love-creating sighs,
 And heard him swear he liv'd by FLAVIA's eyes,
 Such rage, such grief absorb'd my vital powers,
 As Sunday misses feel when caught in showers,
 Or traders, when their shopmen court the muse,
 Or fretful bards defam'd by both reviews,
 Or parents, who the darling child inter,
 Or modish dames when mantua-makers err !

My

My looks, my tears, the secret conflict tell,
 Swift from my trembling hand the tea-cup fell !
 O ! see this milk-white fatten once so gay,
 Alas no streams can wash the stains away !
 O ! see this milk-white fatten once so fair,
 This favourite fatten I no more can wear !
 But what is fatten stain'd, the faded flower,
 Or rumpled gauze, compar'd to loss of power ?
 What further ill can FORTUNE have in store,
 When thus she bids a beauty reign no more ?
 To all the town another idol shows,
 To give new laws to subjugated beaux !

And yet, methinks, some joys may sure be found
 Without this circle's fascinating round ;
 At least we'll try—My proper garb prepare,
 Awhile we'll quit this mind-enslaving air,
 Roam through the woods, or tread the spangled mead,
 Forget the toil of dress, and learn to work and read."

She said ; and long in motionless surprize
 Her artful maiden stands, then thus replies :
 “ Shalt thou, nor plagu'd with guardian, aunt, nor fire,
 Shalt thou, an heiress, from the world retire ?
 Shall FLAVIA bear the envied palm away ?
 Rather let all our sex's power decay,
 Rather let flames consume the solid globe,
 And careless MODISH spoil your fav'rite robe !

I know the arts she labours to disguise,
 I know whence all her boasted graces rise ;
 Those charms which gain the creature such renown,
 Are cull'd from every quarter of the town ;
 She buys her beauties at a price immense,
 Her breath from WARREN, and her teeth from SPENCE ;
 Each night her face is wrapp'd in greasy bands,
 And Chinese gloves enfold her arms and hands :
 If such a made-up thing can rival thee,
 Let park canals strive with the foaming sea :
 Let Oxford hacks with Pegasus compare,
 And Broad St. Giles's vie with Portman Square !

But

But did thy charms such poor assistance need,
 Swift as through Hyde Park frisks the well-taught steed,
 To Persia's realms, or Turkey's shores I'd fly,
 Where bright sultanas in seraglios sigh ;
 Where soft cosmetics all their powers afford,
 To wake to barbarous love, a barbarous lord ;
 In search of washes through the world I'd stray,
 Or to some French perfumers wing my way,
 Where all those treasures of the East they show,
 That Georgian or Circassian beauties know,
 Dust for the teeth, and liquids for the neck,
Poudre de Fatmé, Blanc d'Abumeleck.

Then, O ! my mistress, rouze thy latent power,
 Her triumph is the triumph of an hour ;
 To-morrow, when the long-expected ball
 To yon proud dome the obedient world shall call,
 Go forth in all thy pride ; nor go in vain,
 Dart your quick lightnings at this erring swain,
 Show that those charms have far more power to kill
 Than ELLIOT's balls, or LEAKE's wide-wasting pill ;

By heaven! her sickly charms will fade away
 Like the pale taper at the flambeau's ray :
 Assert your claim, dispute the glorious prize,
 Yours is the triumph, and your rival dies!"

So spoke the handmaid ;—while the listning Fair
 Gaz'd in the mirror with majestic air ;
 " Tell me, dear oracle," she cry'd, " O say,
 Is KITTY right, or does my bloom decay ?
 Say, shall I triumph still, or rule no more ?"—
 The well-bred glass confirms what KITTY swore :
 She sees unthought-of beauties rush to view,
 Nor could she doubt the mirror told her true.

" KITTY," she said, " this fatten I resign,
 This milk-white fatten is no longer mine.
 Thy words, like martial trumpets heard from far,
 Awake my soul, and rouse me to the war.
 But though in me unequal'd beauties shine,
 Though Nature stamp'd me in a mould divine,

Yet

Yet still for once, as well my KITTY knows
 Mere natural charms can win no modern beaux,
 For once I'll try those arts I ne'er could love,
 So shall I then to certain conquest move ;
 Nature and Art shall join my form to deck—
 Go quickly for some *Blanc d'Abumeleck*."

So ere the thundering Hero mounts the car
 Which bears him through the purple fields of war,
 Though giant strength his active limbs disclose,
 Though in his breast undaunted courage glows,
 He trusts not solely to what Nature gives,
 From Art the warrior equal aid receives ;
 His finewy arms the keen-edg'd falchion rear,
 Shake the swift dart, or grasp the quivering spear,
 The joining plates his brawny thighs conceal,
 And every limb is cloath'd in temper'd steel.

Meantime fair KITTY's fingers nimbly move,
 And soon disrobe this second queen of love.

While

While her soft hands unbind the lofty head,
 O'er the wide chamber clouds of fragrance spread;
 The scented powders whiten all the floor,
 Like verdant fields with frost-work silver'd o'er.

But pause awhile—no more the theme pursue,
 For hark, her damsel bids the nymph adieu.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

PERPLEX'D with busy thought AURELIA lies,
 While varying schemes in quick succession rise ;
 For all her resolution seems to fade
 When from her side withdraws th' inspiring maid :
 Her wavering mind is now dispos'd to yield,
 And leave her rival mistress of the field,
 When sober Reason shows how mean the strife,
 How vain the business of a polish'd life ;
 Then thirst of sway, which draws the female soul
 Resistless as the needle to the pole,
 Glows in her heart, and bids her once again
 Renew the contest, and secure her reign :
 At length ASÆL, guardian of the fair,
 Who makes their toilets his peculiar care,

Preserves their paint, their powders and perfume,
 The better angel of the dressing-room,
 Wav'd o'er her head his all-controlling wand;
 Obedient Sleep attends the proud command:
 Then thrice the demon hurls his spells in air,
 Thrice gently breathes upon the slumbering fair,
 And, sprinkling clear collyrium on her eyes,
 Completes the charm, and bids the visions rise.

The sleeping maid her toilet now surveys,
 Which taper pins, and sparkling gems displays;
 Sudden the gems emit a burning light,
 The pins spontaneous rise, and stand upright,
 From the blue vase the conscious streams ascend,
 And o'er the polish'd stand in fountains bend;
 The combs and brushes from the table bound,
 The boxes rattle, and the glass turns round;
 She starts, some murmuring noise she seems to hear,
 And three soft sighs steal gently on her ear;

Amaz'd she sees her crystal mirror show
 The perfect image of a dazzling beau,
 Who, gazing on her charms, with tender air
 And voice melodious, thus address'd the fair.

“ O THOU ! the joy of every mortal eye,
 Bright Nymph, Sultana, Angel, Deity !
 A captive being in thy glass behold,
 And hear his lips the hidden world unfold !
 First know, when Death has seiz'd his pallid prey,
 And drove the spirit from it's house of clay,
 Still dregs of sin man's airy substance stain,
 And darling vices in the soul remain :
 To purge this guilt away great Jove ordains
 A tedious bondage, or consuming pains :
 Some, clos'd in ice, beneath the northern sky,
 Some chain'd in fires, or plung'd in ocean lie ;
 Some here on earth in various forms remain
 Fast bound, and with a second death in vain :

The crafty trader in his warehouse lies,
 Clos'd in a ponderous bale of merchandize ;
 The sleek churchwarden in a poor's-box lives,
 And swallows still what liberal pity gives ;
 The lawyer, turn'd to parchments, plagues the great,
 Stirs up dissention and litigious hate ;
 In golden coins the pinching miser bound,
 Like CÆSAR shines with regal laurel crown'd ;
 Serjeants, like rods, the master's hand employ,
 And scourge that raw recruit, a truant boy ;
 While scolds, who once the shell of Discord blew,
 Now clos'd in drum-sticks beat the loud tattoo ;
 Bold quacks, whose nostrums soon our fate decide,
 Harden to pills, or into tinctures glide ;
 Drunkards preserv'd in fiery spirits lie,
 And like rare lizards strike the wondering eye ;
 Gluttons to soups and oily turtles pass,
 And the smooth flatterer shines—a looking-glass.

Such once was I, a dangler to the fair ;
 Still, as a glass, I praise their dress, their air ;

I teach them how to make each youth a slave,
 And heighten every charm which Nature gave ;
 That wretched maid who ne'er with me was blest,
 Must stay at home, or go abroad undress'd,
 Ne'er gaze delighted on her blooming face,
 And mark each rising morn some novel grace,
 Ne'er the dear joy of admiration know,
 Ne'er hear a sigh, or view a kneeling beau !—

While fix'd on earth, o'er all the imprison'd bands
 Superior demons wave their ruling wands ;
 Of us, that near thy sex in bondage lie,
 The great AZÄEL is the watchful spy ;
 He, who of old, as learned rabbins say,
 * For NAAMAH forfok the fields of day :

* *For NAAMAH, &c.*] NAAMAH, the daughter of LAMECH, supposed to have invented spinning and weaving, is thought by some authors to have been the wife of NOAH, and by others, of HAM ; her name signifies *beautiful*, or *delightful*, and her person is said by some Jewish rabbins to have been so charming, that two angels, AZA and AZAEL, or, as he is sometimes called, AZALZEL, fell in love with her, and begat on her demons, called GEDIM.

Antient Universal History, vol. i. p. 160.

Now round the fair his guardian wings he spreads,
 And o'er the toilet fragrant odour sheds,
 In thin pomatums thickening oil he pours,
 And damag'd rouge to crimson bloom restores.

At his command behold thy slave appear,
 And thus, by me, his friendly counsels hear ;
 O ! let not Reason's matron voice control
 The gay emotions of thy polish'd soul,
 Think not to quit dear Dissipation's bowers,
 And waste in lonely wilds thy mournful hours,
 But still through flowery paths delighted roam,
 Nor bear, for one short night, to stay at home ;
 What though one triumph grace a rival name,
 A thousand triumphs have secur'd thy fame ;
 Go on, nor heed though fops unhurt appear,
 Though envious beauties chafe when thou art near ;
 Fly to the play, the concert, and the ball,
 Be true to FASHION's laws, and conquer all !
 But, O ! beware ! nor let thy fancy stray
 From HER, whom every female should obey,

Still let thy soul her ruling power confess,
Great patroness of arts and mighty queen of dress!

He ceas'd, and graceful bow'd—The glass again
Whirl'd round, and lost at once th' aërial swain.
But soon again a creaking noise she hears,
The shining case its verdant cover rears;
Sudden erect her oval bracelet stands,
The painted figure seems to wave its hands;
No more it shews her grandfire's hoary head,
Lost are his white hairs and his wrinkles fled,
His dusky brown to glowing scarlet turns,
And the bright gorget on his bosom burns;
A blooming youth, without respect to age,
Usurps the place where rose the reverend sage;
His eyes dart love-sick glances ere he spoke,
Then from his ruby lips these accents broke.

“ Too-beauteous nymph, thy late admirer see,
Behold his shade who, living, worship'd thee!

Thou

Thou know'st how late, by the gay world admir'd,
 By nobles envied, by the fair desir'd,
 I shone the foremost of the glittering train,
 And scarcely su'd one fluttering nymph in vain :
 I stole the virgin's giddy heart away,
 The wife, the widow fell my lovely prey ;
 The light coquet to me reveal'd her charms,
 The chiding prude funk, yielding, in my arms ;
 At length my dazzled eyes your power confess'd,
 Four months you reign'd sole idol of my breast,
 Each art I try'd—but Death, unfeeling, hurl'd
 'Th' unerring dart, and snatch'd me from the world.

Alas ! how chang'd the scene ! no more I rove
 Through fragrant bowers, and sip the sweets of love ;
 Stern Justice o'er me waves her iron wand,
 And thunders in my ears the harsh command ;
 For ages bids me here in bonds remain,
 For ages bids me feel unceasing pain :
 While you, bright mortal ! breathe this vital air,
 I watch each motion of my darling fair ;

Now,

Now, in thy locket's narrow cell compress'd,
 I hang, tormented, on thy heaving breast,
 Or, turn'd to dust, in scented powders fly,
 Or wreath'd in circling curls I helpless lie;
 Now, balls of marbled soap my form surround,
 And now I pine in filken fillets bound;
 Now, o'er thy head, like trembling feathers play,
 And now in Cedra essence glide away.

Whate'er the shape my tortur'd soul displays,
 Still on thy lovely form a fondly gaze;
 Still all the pangs of living dotards prove,
 Still burn with wild desire—for still I love!

When spangled lovers at thy feet appear,
 And whisper tender nonsense in thine ear;
 With hate and vengeful jealousy I glow,
 Watch every look, and curse the happy beau!
 Ye Powers ethereal! must I e'er behold
 A mortal's arms my darling fair enfold?
 Gods! let me ne'er that dreadful moment see!
 O! still remain a maid! and pity me!—

But

But hark!—my busy demon cries,—‘Give o’er
 Thy vain complaints, and speak thy woes no more.’—
 Brief let me be—This night forbear to join
 The nimble band who form th’ extended line;
 Secure in minuet dignity advance,
 But shun the vulgar, heat-creating dance;
 And O! where’er thou go’st thy bracelet wear,
 And guard the precious toy with all thy care;
 For now my spirit in the frame appears,
 And through the crystal seems a fire in years;
 That portrait every evil shall foretell;
 There fix thy eyes, and mark each feature well.

But soft—methinks I scent the noon-tide air;
 Awake! thy proud habiliments prepare;
 Awake! thy glimmering taper just expires,
 The sun-beams pale its ineffectual fires;
 Awake! to FASHION bow the bended knee,
 Beware the dance, and O! remember me!”

The

The virgin wakes, and gazes round her bed,
 But finds the transitory vision fled :
 Awhile her morning cares are cast behind,
 Awhile the wondrous dream absorbs her mind ;
 But soon laborious thought fatigues the fair ;
 A far more pleasing subject claims her care ;
 Resplendent robes, dear source of female joy !
 Rush to her view, and all her soul employ ;
 Now this, now that, pre-eminence obtains,
 By turns the *puce*, by turns the *corbeau* reigns ;
 Where all are fair, what power her choice can guide
 To fix on one, and lay the rest aside !
 At length on high her snowy arm she rears,
 The tassel trembles, and the slave appears ;
 Till KITTY comes AURELIA helpless lies ;
 What nymph without th' assisting maid can rise !

Now o'er her head the spotless coat is thrown,
 And fasten'd at her waist, a binding zone ;

E

Then,

Then, round her clasp'd, a strange machine behold,
 Like the tough corset worn by knights of old;
 With ribs of cane and bones of mighty whale,
 It stands erect, impenetrable mail!
 Two hollow cavities on either side
 Receive her well-turn'd arms; smooth bindings hide
 The sharp-edg'd bone; behind an hundred eyes
 Appear, through which the bright tag nimbly flies;
 Her damsel strains the cord with all her might,
 At length the corset's stubborn sides unite.
 Then o'er the fair is thrown a snowy vest,
 Which veils the beauties of her swelling breast,
 With azure ribband at her wrist is bound,
 And, negligently falling, sweeps the ground;
 Such the thin robe of Gallia's smiling train,
 Who proudly name it *Chemise de la Reine*.

While KITTY's hands the rising nymph adorn,
 She tells the wonderful vision of the morn;
 The servient maiden heard with patient ear,
 Then thus began, like the prophetic seer.

“ To

“ To me, long since, were signs and wonders shown,
 To me, long since, mysterious rites were known ;
 An aged beldam of th’ Egyptian band,
 Vers’d in the noble science of the hand,
 Who distant good or evil could relate,
 The great high-priestess of all-ruling Fate,
 Would oft, to me, her prescient lore impart,
 And teach the secrets of her powerful art ;
 With her I strove to mark the branching line,
 And hence the virgin’s future loves divine ;
 To whirl the cup, and in the dregs explain
 The coming billet-doux, the kneeling swain ;
 But, more than all, it was my constant theme
 T’ explore the secrets of the morning dream.

When airy forms our sleeping thoughts engage,
 Approaching joy and triumph they presage ;
 The portrait that usurp’d thy grandfire’s place,
 Gazing enamour’d on thy beauteous face,
 Portends that FLORIO soon, like him, shall prove
 The restless victim of consuming love ;

The suffering spirit still from day to day
 Clos'd in thy ornaments in bondage lay,
 Hence learn, for thee new conquests are ordain'd,
 And see new vassals in thy fetters chain'd !
 The dangler, to a mirror turn'd, may show
 FLORIO shall soon a second mirror grow ;
 For as the glass wherein you daily gaze,
 Reflects your smiles, and every grace displays,
 So shall the living youth your image wear,
 And point you out, the fairest of the fair ;
 His praise, the glass to make your charms more known,
 The glass, to shew you to th' admiring town."

She said—The beauty heard with wild delight ;
 Fir'd by the fear, she burn'd to meet the fight—
 " Bid CHARLES at evening, to the varnish'd car
 Yoke the white steeds to bear me to the war :
 And hear, my KITTY, swift as eagles move,
 Prepare the mighty spells that waken love ;

Let

Let paints and powders, washes and perfume,
 Spread all around and fill the scented room :
 But first, ere yet I hasten to be dress'd,
 Join this fair tucker to my gorgeous vest,
 And let some trusty slave with speed repair
 To call the great artificer of hair."

Th' obedient damsel hears the dread command,
 The shining needle arms her active hand,
 Now here, now there the slender weapon flies,
 And now it seems to fall, and now to rise :
 Not swifter, as immortal poets tell,
 Jove's ancient blacksmith thunder'd in his cell,
 When, by the prayers of smiling VENUS won,
 He forg'd bright armour for her warrior son :
 The hoarse chief calls, the swelling bellows blows,
 The fierce fire blazes, the bright iron glows,
 The grim slaves pant, the ponderous hammers fly,
 Now sounding fall, and now are rais'd on high !

So

So toils the maid with equal speed and pains,
And soon the lace is bound in filken chains.

Now frowning Night up-rear'd her matron head
In Heaven's dim vault, gay Sol affrighted fled ;
Now scud through crowded streets the oily band,
Halt at each door, and lift the flaming brand ;
Now howling wolves, impatient for their prey,
From snow-clad mountains take their murtherous way ;
The rambling vestal to the Strand repairs,
And chaunts her firen song, and spreads her wily snares.
When bright AURELIA mounts her lofty chair,
Cloath'd in loose robes, unbound her spreading hair ;
On either side the hallow'd seat behold
Two trembling tapers, rais'd on stands of gold :
She gives the word—her maidens usher in
A stately figure, fallow, tall, and thin;
Array'd in whiten'd garments, like the swain
Who grinds to dust the farinaceous grain;

Thrice low he bends, then, drawing near the fair,
 He shakes a downy puff with graceful air,
 Long, blue-stain'd irons from his rough attire
 He draws, and gives them to the glowing fire:
 While this white pontiff's hands aloft are spread,
 In solemn pomp to elevate the head,
 Two spotless virgins of the fervient band,
 Close by the shrine in awful silence stand;
 One, puffs and Marechalle powder lifts on high,
 And gives soft ointment to the deity;
 One ready stands thin, forked wires to bend,
 Stain'd o'er with black, and sharp at either end,
 And bears those instruments of special note,
 Form'd of clear horn, or of the tortoise' coat,
 Smooth, speckled teeth their polish'd points disclose,
 Some wide extend, some meet in closer rows.

Her golden tresses, wreath'd in stubborn pride,
 Now form three hollow tubes on either side;
 Low down her back a monstrous bag descends,
 Where scented grease with scented powder blends;

Thick

Thick and more thick the clouds of fragrance roll,
 And brown and yellow dust o'er shades the whole ;
 At length, the labour of successive hours,
 In form complete the finish'd wonder tow'rs.

Th' impatient virgin to the mirror flies,
 And marks each straggling hair with searching eyes ;
 A damsel then the glittering forfex rears,
 Each straggling hair as quickly disappears.

Meantime, with secret care, her watchful maid
 Art's choicest treasure on the toilet laid ;
 Here blush'd the red, there shone the liquid blue,
 The milk of roses, and Olympian dew ;
 Soon her soft cheek with brighter crimson glows,
 And white more dazzling on her bosom grows ;
 Where the smooth paint obscures the branching veins
 Her steady hand with tint cerulean stains.

At length, complete the beauties of her face,
 The nymph prepares her slender limbs to grace :
 First to her waist a vast machine is bound,
 Which spreads its bending arms to reach the ground ;

Like

Like that fam'd arch, the gay Venetian's pride,
 Which o'er the flood extends from side to side;
 On this wide curve the shining coat behold,
 The silver trembles, burns the yellow gold;
 Bright foils, far streaming, dart their vivid rays,
 Here glow like emeralds, there like rubies blaze;
 The varied straws in rich festoons are hung,
 And filken tassels dance the folds among.

Now on a lofty stool fair KITTY stands,
 And spreads the head-dress with uplifted hands;
 Aloft the white tiara rose, behind
 The slender lappets kiss the wanton wind;
 Amidst her hair the well-plac'd brilliants play,
 Like pointed stars, and form a milky way;
 High above all the spotted plumes are spread,
 Wave their soft tops, and tremble o'er her head.

The glossy fatten fastens at her breast,
 Smooth studs of pearl confine the meeting vest;
 Her train majestic sweeps along the floor,
 Like the proud robe which ancient monarchs wore :

A rich bouquet above her bosom rose,
An hundred gems the mimic flowers compose.

The bracelets next her slender wrists enfold,
The chains of orient pearl, the clasps of gold;
While, starr'd with India's gems, in splendid pride
The bright repeater trembles at her side.

And last she seizes in her snowy hand,
Her ivory fan, the ensign of command;
On the rich mount, where starry spangles blaze,
Soft forms arise and tales of ancient days;
Here youthful PARIS, with Parisian air,
Presents the pippin to the curt'ying fair;
O'er distant seas from distant climes it came,
To give dominion to the beauteous dame;
Where'er this weapon points, a lover falls,
The death of foplings and the dread of balls!

And now the snorting steeds are heard from far,
O'er the firm pavement bounds the modern car;

The

The yellow spokes like rays of glory stream,
 The rolling circles dart a silvery gleam;
 Rais'd o'er the bending perch, on silver springs,
 From side to side the varnish'd body swings,
 Which, like a mirror, every object shows,
 Burns with the sun, or with the flambeau glows;
 On the smooth surface blazon'd trophies rise,
 And mystic paintings strike the gazer's eyes;
 Thron'd on a cloud, that almost seems to move,
 Here in proud pomp appears the Queen of love;
 Before her, hand in hand, the Graces fly,
 And little Loves hang fluttering in the sky;
 CUPID, adventurous boy, with smiling face
 Bestrides the Monarch of the savage race,
 With daring heel he spurs his shaggy sides,
 And, with a touch, the roaring monster guides:
 O'er these, in bending wreaths soft roses twine,
 And round the border mimic jewels shine.
 A lofty seat the charioteer sustains,
 Erect he towers and shakes the studded reins;

Beneath him spreads the cloth of yellow dye,
 The varied fringe hangs trembling from on high :
 His steeds, impatient, paw the flinty ground,
 Toss their proud heads and throw the foam around ;
 Soft-beaming crescents on their foreheads play,
 And down their sides the yellow tassels stray ;
 While silver'd trappings bind them to the car,
 Reflect the light and glitter from afar.

The Goddess enters—in majestic pride
 Her *chaperone* is seated by her side ;
 The livery'd vassals at one active bound
 Vault up behind ;—the couriers spurn the ground,
 They snort, they rear ; the flambeaus round her play,
 Tinge the red streets and lighten all the way.

So glaring meteors strike the dazzled eye,
 Blaze as they move, and seem to fire the sky.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O III.

WHERE the dry'd produce of the grassy plain
Lies pil'd in trusses on the creaking wain;

Rude in its outward form, there stands a dome

Known to the quavering sons of modern Rome ;

Here DISSIPATION wears the regal crown,

And rules the fluttering insects of the town.

Here all her priests in gaudy trappings wait,

And strive with pompous rites t' allure the great ;

Now with heart-melting sounds they woo the throng,

Touch the soft strings or pour the swelling song ;

Now bid LE PICQ or THEODORE advance

In all the graces of the Gallic dance ;

And now, with love-devoted masks, they hide

Th' impatient virgin and the roving bride.

To

To this proud temple modern peers repair
 To shew their taste in dress, and charm the fair,
 And here, the pleasure-loving beauty flies
 To see new conquests and new fashions rise ;
 By these absorb'd, the music of the spheres
 Would scarcely charm their inattentive ears,
 Though oft on thrilling strains they seem to doat,
 And melt in ecstasy at every note.

This brilliant night a gay RIBOTTO calls
 The race of idlers to these gilded walls.
 The world was met—there shone th' expecting fair,
 There FLAVIA smil'd, and FLORIO sparkled there ;
 Gauze, flowers and gems o'erspread the female train,
 And straw, fit emblem of a crazy brain.
 AURELIA enters ; strait the buzzing crowd
 Declare her name, and speak her charms aloud ;
 All seem to feel her power, where'er she turns
 A rival envies and a lover burns.

Inspiring

Inspiring music sounds—a youth of France
 Leads the bright maid to the flow-moving dance;
 Around, in circles, press th' admiring throng,
 While, with majestic step, she glides along.
 As when immortal VESTRIS skims the stage,
 Joy of each heart, delight of youth and age!
 On bouyant air his floating arms are spread,
 The feathers, graceful, dance upon his head,
 Now rais'd he stands, with conscious merit big,
 And now twirls swiftly like the school-boy's gig;
 He vaults, then pauses on his rising toe,
 To the loud transport of the pit below:
 The nymph in heedless rapture breaks her fan,
 And every tongue proclaims him more than man!
 Thus on the fair all ranks, all ages gaze,
 And ev'n unfeeling foplings whisper praise!
 Say, all-observing Muse! their names recite,
 Who fell her victims that destructive night!
 First, young MILKINO, whom maternal care
 Rear'd in the rural shades of Grosvenor Square;

Now

Now here an early fate the stripling found,
 The nymph's first curt'sy gave the secret wound !
 Then, as she pass'd, she shot a random dart
 That pierc'd accomplish'd ZEPHYR to the heart ;
 LA VIOLETTE, and gentle ROSE-DEW fell,
 TULIP the gay, and well-dress'd FALLADEL.
 Lords and Red Ribbons felt the spreading flame,
 And Knights and Colonels of inferior name ;
 Ev'n FLORIO, kindling with the soft alarms,
 Forgot his Paris suit, and FLAVIA's charms ;
 AURELIA's brighter tints victorious prove,
 For soon he loves—as much as beaus can love !

While for this goddess sighs each courtly swain,
 The slighted belles begin th' accustom'd strain :
 One speaks her age, but doubles every year,
 And wonders whence such youthful charms appear ;
 The listening friend looks wise and shakes her head,
 Then whispers where she buys her white and red.
 So when a troop of authors grace the pit,
 To weigh the merits of a brother wit,

If loud applause the generous town bestow,
 With angry skill each latent fault they show ;
 They pine and fret at every happy stroke,
 And grow more grave with each successful joke.

Now found the livelier notes ; from end to end
 The nymphs and swains in one long line extend :
 Accomplish'd FLORIO takes AURELIA's hand,
 And leads th' exulting maid to join the frolic band.
 Sudden the bracelet press'd her arm—amaz'd,
 On the rich toy the fearful virgin gaz'd ;
 The painted figure seems to roll his eyes,
 The lips convulsive move, the colour flies ;
 She starts appall'd—she dreads some dire mischance,
 And thrice, with faltering voice, declines the dance ;
 The youth, in sounds no female can withstand,
 Persuades, entreats, and takes her yielding hand ;
 His honied words the wavering fair regain,
 And render dreams and signs and warnings vain !
 Then through the maze with active bound they spring,
 The firm floor trembles, the high ceilings ring ;

Now here, now there, the crowded ranks divide,
 Now backward move, now change from side to side.
 Now through the midst they wing their eager way,
 And following now in fair procession stray,
 Now in a mimic cross they beat the ground,
 And now like circling eddies whirl around.

But FLAVIA, when she sees her swain advance,
 And lead the conquering beauty through the dance,
 Springs from her seat, rage sparkling in her eyes,
 Breaks through the press, and to the chariot flies :
 Thus when some ravening tyger of the wood
 Has seiz'd the fawn and smear'd his fangs with blood,
 If, while he drags along th' expected prey,
 The haughty lion chance to cross his way,
 Both, growling, halt—the carcase they furround,
 Extend their claws, and tear the solid ground ;
 With horrid yells the mighty war they wage,
 Their eye-balls flaming with unfated rage ;
 Black blood deforms the grass, the hills the vales
 Refound ; at length superior force prevails ;

The

The spotted beast resigns th' untasted prize,
And bleeding to the distant thicket flies.

But while the young delighted feed along,
The peaceful matrons round the side-boards throng;
Here in clear glasses quivering jellies play,
There candied fruits are pil'd in bright array,
Streams of sherbet from silver vases glide,
And sweet orgeat pours forth its milky tide,
Here WELTJE's cates, in various forms, entice,
Smooth comfits, acid drops, and creams of ice.

AURELIA now, o'ercome with toil and heat,
Forfakes the dance, and seeks the neighbouring seat;
But while she moves along with languid air,
The ladies sneer, the youths too rudely stare;
A secret whisper circles through the crowd,
Some smile, some, more uncivil, laugh aloud;
Ev'n polish'd FLORIO, less attentive grown,
Leads to her seat, then leaves the nymph alone:
"What can this mean? perhaps some curl," she said,
"Loos'd from the wire, too negligent has stray'd!"

The pocket-mirror from her hoop she draws,
 And anxious seeks the unsuspected cause ;
 O hideous sight ! a yellow circle stains
 Her ivory forehead and her azure veins,
 Shook from her hair, the loose dust falling down,
 Turns the pure lilies to a dusky brown ;
 Warm dewy drops o'er all her features stray,
 And mark with varied hues their devious way,
 Here snowy streams with meeting blue unite,
 There blushing pink usurps the place of white ;
 Amaz'd, confus'd, the trembling beauty stands,
 The mirror falls, all shatter'd, from her hands,
 Her blood, no longer warm, forgets to play,
 She hangs her head, and sickening faints away :
 But soon young ZEPHYR flew to raise the fair,
 Unfurl'd the fan, and wak'd reviving air.

AZÆL, whom the Fates forbad to aid,
 Or warn in clearer terms, th' ill-fated maid,
 Now on his founding pinions mounts on high,
 Shoots through the roof and cleaves the yielding sky ;

O'er

O'er hills, o'er seas, th' impatient demon flew,
 Till Paris' gaudy towers appear in view;
 High above all proud FASHION's temple stands,
 Wide as the domes of JOVE, tho' built by mortal hands.

An hundred spacious courts AZÄEL past,
 And reach'd the hall magnificent and vast:
 Great FASHION here, in regal pomp, behold,
 Two grinning apes support her throne of gold,
 Which, rising on a pivot, veers about,
 And shifts by turns to all the circling rout.
 Her party-colour'd vestments seem to glow
 With every gem the mines of India know;
 Like rays of glory, o'er her sacred head,
 A radiant bow in changing colours spread.
 High in the midst th' imperial altar stands,
 And round in circles press th' adoring bands,
 Knights, soldiers, peers, and all the female train,
 Dames of Versailles, and nymphs of Drury-lane:
 Observant courtiers near the sovereign wait,
 And, by her side, the ministers of state;

Here

Here PRIDE, with frowning brows and scowling eyes,
 Springs from mean earth and seems to reach the skies;
 He bears a scroll where all his merits shine,
 And all th' achievements of his glorious line :
 Here FOLLY stands in gaudy colours dress'd,
 And gold and diamonds sparkle on her breast ;
 Now loud she laughs and plays with wanton grace,
 Then checks her smiles and wears a graver face :
 Last, tho' not least, fair VANITY appears,
 Her better hand a shining mirror bears,
 Which shows more charms than e'er her person knew,
 But scorns to bring her blemishes to view ;
 In this she every moment casts her eyes,
 And every moment sees fresh beauties rise.

The demon pressing through the gaping crowd,
 Draws near the throne, and thus exclaims aloud.
 " O THOU ! by milliners and taylor's bless'd,
 By great practitioners in hair confess'd !
 Serv'd by the young, of high and low degree,
 Of belles the great, the only Deity !

That

That wretch becomes, who dares to slight thy rules,
 The jest of wtlings, and the scoff of fools,
 No merits raise him, and no wreath adorns,
 His friends avoid him, and his mistress scorns !
 You give the actor more than half his fame,
 Your breath can raise or sink the poet's name ;
 If you command * * * * * shall be read,
 And POPE with rustics hide his laurell'd head.
 You turn the stream of wealth where'er you will ;
 You grant physicians liberty to kill,
 Or give the beauty equal power to move,
 And bid dukes, earls, and barons die with love.

AURELIA, fairest of the British fair,
 Now yields her heart a prey to dumb despair ;
 She sees her hopes by dire misfortune cross'd,
 And half her fame for beauty nearly lost !
 A tribe of artists late have cross'd the sea,
 Who boast of *Letters Patent* given by thee,
 Base quack perfumers ! who will taint thy fame,
 And plunder those that venerate thy name !

For

For though, perhaps, thy hand and seal they bought,
 Their specious drugs perform not what they ought;
 Their pastes the slightest motion will displace,
 Unfit to spread on any Christian face!
 From these, too sure, the faithless compound came,
 Which wrought such evil to the beauteous dame.
 Still at thy shrine was seen the pious maid,
 To thee, each morn, her earliest vows were paid;
 Then, O! in pity, grant AZÆL'S prayer,
 And make thy beauteous votary all thy care;
 Wipe off the stigma that each envious belle
 Now hastes with eager extasy to tell;
 Else shall the brightest nymph thy power disown,
 Apostate turn, and bow at Reason's throne.
 O! grant, great Deity! some magic hue,
 Some milk immortal or celestial dew,
 Which no rude hand, no warmth can e'er remove,
 Soft and bewitching as the glow of love;
 So shall AURELIA still her power maintain,
 And lead from rout to rout the captive train;

So shall thy crowded courts new votaries see,
For all her worshippers shall worship thee !”

He ceas'd—with smiles the favouring Goddess hears,
Her golden sceptre to the roof she rears,
When lo ! a tribe descend, whose garb exhales
A richer fragrance than Arabian gales ;
High o'er their heads a waving banner flies,
Where civet-cats in mimic colours rise :
A silver still two menial vassals bear,
The tribe surround it, and their charms prepare ;
One, in the vessel milky jess' mine throws,
And silver snow-drops ; one, the full-blown rose,
* Pluck'd by a virgin for a powerful spell
As from the steeple toll'd the midnight bell,
On that fam'd eve when many a village lass
† Through the dim porch sees future spectres pass,

Or,

* *Pluck'd by a virgin for a powerful spell,*] Perhaps the reader need not be informed that it is a common custom with country girls to pick a full-blown rose on Midsummer-eve, exactly as the clock strikes twelve, which, being kept unseen till Christmas day, is then to be taken out of the bosom by the destined Husband.

† *Through the dim porch sees future spectres pass,*] It is likewise believed, that

Or, trembling, marks the youth she loves the best
 * Stalk to the fire, and turn her snowy vest:
 Then in the rising steam they gently throw
 The little finger of a scented beau,
 A glow-worm's tail, the lynx's radiant eye,
 The gilded wings of every painted fly;
 O'er these gay FOLLY sheds a shower of dew
 Caught from a thousand blooms of various hue,
 While smiling VANITY's impatient hand
 Stirs the mix'd compound with an ivory wand,
 And PRIDE advancing with demeanour sage
 Dips in the fuming stew his proving gage;
 Then, from the tap, a glassy vase they fill,
 And the slaves vanish with the wondrous still.

The Goddess now her sceptre waves again,
 Lo! from her footstool rise a female train;
 A two-edg'd steel, whose meeting points unite,
 Hangs at their side, as polish'd silver bright;

that those who have the courage to sit all night in the church porch, will see the shades of all the parishioners glide into the church, who are to die the following year.

* *Stalk to the fire, and turn her snowy vest:*] The ceremony of hanging a shift to the fire, to be turned by the future husband, is well known.

One,

One, in her lap, a filken book displays
 On whose red leaves, thin, long-eyed weapons blaze,
 And one a taper yard majestic rears,
 While round her neck the milk-white thread appears;
 Each arms her finger with a brazen shield,
 And each prepares a slender spear to wield.
 The work begins; the yielding wire they bend,
 O'er this the crape and floating gauze extend,
 With filken chains the fine-wrought lace they bind,
 Which meets in graceful puffs or waves behind;
 One with light hand the straw-wove ribband spreads,
 One with wide forfex clips th' exuberant threads;
 While midst the snowy head-dress seem to grow
 Such flowers as fancy paints on FLORA'S brow.
 At length, with nicest care, the artists place
 Their finish'd labour in a sheltring case,
 Lin'd with romances and poetic strains,
 And tender billet-doux from tender swains;
 Then lay it humbly at their sovereign's feet,
 Thrice lowly bend and modestly retreat.

When thus the Goddess—"Haste, AZÄEL, bear
 The gifts of FASHION to the forrowing fair :
 This beauty-giving liquid shall bestow
 More lasting bloom than earthly compounds know ;
 And let this gay Tiara grace her head,
 The breath of magic blanch'd each mystic thread,
 This every eve some varying form shall take
 And change with every mode."—The Goddess spake :
 The Sprite with joy receives the precious load,
 Bows to the throne and quits the bright abode.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O IV.

O WOMAN ! lovely as the dawn of day !
Soft as the downy breast of verdant May !

Bright as the golden sun in cloudless skies !

Life of the gay and solace of the wise !

O, why must Folly half your powers impair,

And Art corrupt what Nature made so fair ?

Ere FASHION spread her pestilential band
Through every cranny of the British land,
Ere country ladies quite discarded sense,
And MODES flew down with every *Diligence*,
There was a time when Woman scorn'd disguise,
When maids were innocent, and matrons wise ;
When undress'd hair was no disgrace to youth,
And ladies' maids could venture to speak truth ;

When married dames were uniformly nice,
 And lov'd their husbands more than dress or dice ;
 But now, all ranks the garb of Folly wear,
 All ages now the reigning frenzy share !

WHILE great AZÆI, like the God of day,
 Breaks through furrounding clouds his daring way,
 At distance from the busy scene convey'd,
 Her car receives the melancholy maid ;
 Through the dim street the beaming carriage flies,
 Swift as Aurora's wain o'er kindling skies ;
 At length the steeds stop short—the nymph descends,
 Her faithful vassal in the hall attends ;
 Up the wide stairs with pensive step she moves,
 Her arm supported by the maid she loves,
 Discerning maid ! for soon AURELIA'S woe
 She marks, and bids her ready sorrows flow ;
 With mutual sighs the vestments are unbound,
 And all the pomp, unheeded, strews the ground ;
 Little they spoke, for grief, too-mighty, wrung
 The swelling heart, and falter'd on the tongue ;

At length, her task perform'd, the damsel goes
To find in homelier sheets serene repose.

But while in solitude the mourner lies,
Discordant passions in her bosom rise;
A thousand times, with sacrilegious rage,
She calls for vengeance on the mighty sage,
Whose long laborious toil and patient care,
Those arts reveal'd so useful to the fair,
Which bid wan cheeks with sudden roses grow,
And spread o'er swarthy necks unspotted snow:
Nay, strange to tell! she meditates to fly
From all the joys that beauties prize so high,
To give dress, pomp and folly to the wind,
Neglect her person and improve her mind!
At length a sprite, in robes of poppy drest,
Lights on her brow, and gently lulls to rest.

And now in dreams her swift-wing'd fancy roves
To soft-descending vales and rising groves;
Around her wanton sport the dappled deer,
And woodland music breaks upon her ear;

Bright

Bright sets the glowing sun, his ruddy beams
Fringe the red trees with gold, and dance upon the streams.

A spotless doe, the fairest of the breed,
Springs from the brake and scuds along the mead,
A tribe of lovers on her steps attend,
Mount the smooth hill or down the slope descend ;
Now, swoln with pride, she meditates the way
T' encrease her beauty and enlarge her sway,
With yellow marle the honours of her head
She smears, and all their shining polish fled ;
The bleeding bark she peels, a gummy tide
Streams from the wound to scent her milky hide ;
Then to the chalky pit she bends her flight,
And daubs her silver coat with borrow'd white ;
Now, with exulting bound, she seeks again
Her wonted pasture and submissive train ;
But, ah ! with mute surprize and scorn they gaze,
Then turn regardless and at distance graze.

And now before the virgin's mental eyes,
An arch of massy silver seems to rise ;

Twelve lofty pillars bear its splendid weight,
 On either side appears an ivory gate,
 Around the freeze soft flowers in many a fold
 Twine careless, the bright cornice flames with gold ;
 High on the top a smiling Goddess shone,
 A single ruby blaz'd her burning throne ;
 Her vest emits a many-colour'd ray,
 And waving flames around her temples play ;
 Th' attractive crown a polish'd magnet shines ;
 A zone of radiant stars her waist entwines ;
 And now she waves her robe, erect she stands,
 And wide, with graceful air, extends her hands ;
 Then thus, while round her mellow pipes rejoice,
 And Doric flutes accompany her voice.

“ Daughters of Earth, who crowd the plain below,
 Whose beating hearts for ADMIRATION glow,
 Appear, behold her ready to attend,
 And crown deserving worth ; appear, ascend ! ”

I

Swift

Swift at the sound unnumber'd bands are seen,
 Roll through the arch and spread o'er all the green ;
 As when the stripling, whose full hands proclaim
 A present from the fond maternal dame,
 Stands on the turf and calls his youthful mates
 To share the blushing fruit and candied cakes,
 They run, they fly, all ages round him croud,
 Extend their hands and supplicate aloud ;
 So, o'er the trampled grass, the females speed,
 And young and old run struggling for the meed ;
 Some throng the gates, but there th' impatient train
 All pent together motionless remain ;
 Some fix high ladders to the shining wall,
 Mount in the air, then, giddy, headlong fall ;
 Or while with lifted eye some fair ascends,
 The ladder yields, o'erthrown by female friends.
 As distant from the press AURELIA stands,
 A form ethereal seems to grasp her hands ;
 A flattering mirror at her side she bears,
 And o'er her face a smiling vizard wears ;

" Why does the brightest beauty of the plain,"
 She cries, " on yonder fabric gaze in vain ?
 Draw near ; to many a fair one have I shown
 A secret path to ADMIRATION'S throne ;
 Through that I'll guide thee now." A fleecy cloud
 Receives and bears them o'er the busy crowd ;
 A massy pillar now the airy guide
 Strikes, the firm base obedient opens wide ;
 They mount the narrow stairs ; at length on high
 Th' exulting nymph beholds the Deity,
 She springs to gain the prize, th' extended crown
 She grasps—when, lo, precipitating down
 Headlong she falls.—A gloomy vault receives
 The slumbering maid, who scarcely thinks she lives ;
 The closing roof rejects the cheerful day,
 One crevice only shoots a feeble ray ;
 On the dank floor unfightly reptiles crawl,
 And slimy tracks deform the rocky wall ;
 Masses of ice, in many a hideous form,
 Glare pendent, through rough arches howls the storm ;

O'er beds of hemlock creeps a muddy stream,
 Which, boiling up, emits a sulphurous steam :
 In silent agony AURELIA lies,
 And, trembling, lifts her heaven-imploring eyes ;
 Sudden quick-bursting thunders break—the cave
 Nods—the blue lightning flashes on the wave ;
 A rushing whirlwind sweeps along the ground,
 Curls the black pool and heaves it o'er the mound ;
 The pond'rous roofs crack—with the mighty shock
 The ice in shivers flies—from the rent rock
 An azure cloud descends in circling spires,
 Soft as the ray that clothes th' angelic choirs ;
 The curling volumes in the midst divide,
 And roll in fleecy folds on either side ;
 Beneath the lucid arch, in robes of gold,
 A youth appears of more than mortal mould,
 His yellow tresses o'er his shoulders stray,
 Kifs the loose wind and negligently play ;
 His feet like silver gleam, a taper wand
 Of adamant sustains his better hand ;

O'er

O'er his fair temples wreathing myrtles twine,
 And all around him beaming glories shine:
 The scene is chang'd, the caverns melt in air,
 Her well-known roofs rise slowly round the fair;
 Then thus the Genius: "Nymph, dismiss thy fear,
 No evil can approach while I am near.
 Behold the Guardian Power whose secret sway
 The wiser females of the world obey;
 I bid them cast each woman-toy behind,
 And raise to nobler views th' aspiring mind;
 'Twas I that gave to DUDLEY's beauteous wife,
 Whom MARY's cruel hand depriv'd of life,
 A nobler fortitude than heroes reach,
 And virtue, greater than the sages teach,
 Sweetness of soul beyond what mortals show,
 And piety like that which seraphs know.
 And now, in modern days, though rare to see,
 Behold accomplish'd beauty led by me,
 STREATFIELD, the learn'd, the gay, in blooming years
 Forfakes the dance to dry a widow's tears:

When

When hoary Age her Tutor's brows o'erspread,
 And Sickness bow'd his venerable head,
 O'er the pale couch she hung with filial care,
 And pluck'd the thorn Disease had planted there.

My voice inspires the cultivated mind,
 Whose polish'd page instructs and charms mankind ;
 'Twas I directed CARTER's piercing eyes
 To roll inquisitive through starry skies ;
 To her the lore of Grecian schools I brought,
 And rooted in her heart the truths she taught.
 I, to CHAPONE, th' important task assign'd
 To smoothe the temper and improve the mind.
 Through MORE I pointed to the paths of truth,
 And rais'd her voice to guide unthinking youth ;
 That sensibility, allied to Heaven,
 That sacred pen she boasts, by me were given.
 I stood, a favouring muse, at BURNEY's side,
 To lash unfeeling Wealth and stubborn Pride,
 Soft Affectation, insolently vain,
 And wild Extravagance with all her sweeping train ;

Led her that modern Hydra to engage,
 And point a HARRELL to a mad'ning age :
 Then bade the moralist, admir'd and prais'd,
 Fly from the loud applause her talent rais'd.
 Ev'n MONTAGU my aiding hand must own,
 That plac'd her high on Learning's polish'd throne,
 That taught her arm the critic spear to wield,
 Foil'd the fly Gaul and drove him from the field :
 I bade her liberal care receive, cares
 That struggling merit which the proud depress,
 That bashful want, which, bending to the grave,
 Shrinks from the pitying hand held out to save.

Nor think that she alone my aid acquires,
 Whom Learning tutors or whom Genius fires,
 On all the smile of favour I bestow,
 Who fly from fashion, vanity and show.

Young as thou art, by custom led astray,
 The pride of beauty and the thirst of sway,
 Yet have I seen thee weary at a treat,
 And scorn a worthless viscount at thy feet ;

Yet

Yet have I mark'd the blush of virtuous shame,
 And honest anger kindling into flame,
 When sister virgins mock'd the orphan's cry,
 And hagg'd Envy breath'd the venom'd lie:
 No porter spurns the trader from thy door,
 Nor does thy hall disdain the suppliant poor;
 Nay, ev'n thy rooms of state will sometimes see
 A shabby coat obtain access to thee:
 For tho' around thee Folly spreads her net,
 She has not quite destroy'd thy virtue yet.
 Thy mind indulgent Nature form'd to glow
 For nobler conquests than an empty beau,
 For higher flights of skill than cards can reach,
 And greater science than the dice can teach,
 For arts more useful than to raise the lay,
 Strike the soft keys, and warble life away,
 Or down the dance with graceful ease to glide,
 Or check a pimple and a freckle hide.
 But modish schools thy early youth misled,
 And soon *accomplishments* quite turn'd thy head;

Thy father lost, no guardian to controul,
 The madness of the times still warp'd thy soul,
 Still grew, sustain'd by Flatt'ry's servile tools,
 Smooth confidantes, dear friends, and fashionable fools.

AZÆL too, the tempter of thy sex,
 Whose early arts their dawning minds perplex,
 Usurp'd thy heart, and made each effort vain
 To break from Dissipation's filken chain :
 That rage of admiration, worst of foes
 Which Virtue combats or which Reason knows !
 Which, once indulg'd, pervades each stage of life,
 Maddens the maid, the widow, and the wife,
 And, like a torrent, scorning all controul,
 Breaks every mound and sweeps o'er all the soul !
 With that destructive rage thy breast he fir'd,
 And daily strengthen'd what he first inspir'd !

Long hast thou known the care, the toil, the strife,
 That crouds the road of fashionable life ;
 Late hast thou found what shame may wait the maid
 Who calls too rashly on cosmetic aid ;

Now learn that specious art will ever prove
A foe to beauty, and a foe to love."

He said, and strait his opening robes reveal
Wide o'er his breast a plate of polish'd steel ;
On whose smooth face AURELIA casts her eyes,
And wondering sees a gorgeous chamber rise ;
The toilet first, in all its pomp array'd,
True to her sex, attracts the sleeping maid ;
Transparent gauze enrich'd with spots of gold,
Hangs round the glass in many a studied fold ;
Close by its side another mirror lies,
Which swells each feature to gigantic size,
And shews what specks diminutive disgrace,
What coming pimples threat the beauteous face ;
Two marbled volumes on the toilet lay,
Their slender backs with golden letters gay,
Which words like these reveal in spreading pride,
The Master-piece of Art, and Beauty's Guide ;
Loose manuscript receipts around them lie
To bid warts, ring-worms, scurf, and morpewes die :

Here,

Here, in array, the whole cosmetic band,
 Face-papers, wash-balls, creams and tinctures stand,
 Sultana water, the Circassian glow,
 And the soft bloom of NINON DE L'ENCLOS.
 Now to the bed the virgin turns her eyes,
 Where, stretch'd in dirty pomp, a female lies;
 Around her head a circling bandage twin'd,
 Tied with white cords and fix'd with pins behind,
 One clotted lump of hair beneath remain'd,
 Stiff with hard grease, and all the pillow stain'd;
 Her thick complexion, like the stream that laves
 The clay-bound soil when rains disturb the waves,
 Look'd dark and muddy; on her hand she wore
 A glove, which seem'd too often worn before.
 "Behold," the Genius cried, "a modish dame,
 Whose bosom panted for ignoble fame,
 The fame of beauty; still intent to win
 By outward charms, the nobler part within
 She priz'd, as savage tribes th' unpolish'd gold,
 When beads and glass their dazzled eyes behold;

Tho' Nature gave her many a blooming grace,
 The store of Art was ranfack'd for her face ;
 Now mark the fruit of all her toil and pains,
 A fallow hag at thirty she remains,
 Unable to forego the daily task,
 And shew her well-known face without her mask.

But now behold a dame of artless life,
 Of equal years, a mother and a wife."
 Soon as he spoke, the mimic mirror shows
 A fair-one hush'd in undisturb'd repose ;
 On the plain toilet, with no trophies gay,
 CHAPONE'S instructive volume open lay ;
 Low o'er her forehead, white as Lapland snow,
 Her auburn locks in sweet disorder flow,
 Nature's soft hands th' untortur'd curls adjust,
 Unstain'd with perfum'd grease and colour'd dust ;
 On her soft cheek the blush of morning glows,
 Her ruby lip reveals two pearly rows,
 Her bosom, half uncover'd, brings to view
 Such tints as TITIAN'S pencil never knew ;

While

While every speaking feature seems to shine
 With peace serene, and purity divine.

“ Observe this winning form,” the Genius cried,
 “ No barbarous arts the charms of Nature hide ;
 Her rouge, the glow which health will ever bring,
 Her sole cosmetic, water from the spring :
 Though Time, at last, each mortal grace devours,
 Long shall she bloom ’midst Beauty’s fairest flowers,
 And when December’s hand shall tear away
 The youthful rose of flower-awakening May,
 Yet still a fainter hue her cheek shall grace,
 And paler lilies blossom on her face.
 Far from the reigning mode’s preposterous rules,
 She leaves the straw to lunatics and fools ;
 And gives, to each attractive feature blind,
 The morning hours to decorate her mind.
 Belov’d and honour’d by the man she chose,
 No wasting cares disturb her sweet repose ;
 While, from the child of Art and slave of Pride,
 Her sick’ning lord disgusted turns aside,

Curfing the folly which his youth miffed
To take a painted puppet to his bed.

Then learn, miftaken maid, no more to reach
Thofe arts which Vanity and Folly teach,
Which wither youth with premature decay,
Awake contempt, and poifon health away;
And O! regard not from this happy hour,
Ev'n real beauty's periffable flower;
Regard no more the pleasures of the great,
The pride of female drefs, the pomp of ftate,
For nobler pleasures let thy bofom burn,
If not to Fame at leaft to Virtue turn;
For, tho' with harmlefs fports the feem't entice,
The life of FASHION is the life of Vice;
Turn then to me, in my ftrong arm confide,
A firm protector and unerring guide."

AURELIA heard fubmiffive, thrice the bow'd
Her head, and thus addrefs'd the Power aloud.
" Aid and accept, confirm my wavering foul,
And rule my life with abfolute controul!"

“ Mine then thou art,” the Genius cried, “ resign
Each lingering vanity, be ever mine !

AZÄEL comes from FASHION’s gaudy fane

To prove thy strength ; may all his arts be vain !

Now let this magic adamant impart

Its steeling virtue to thy feeble heart ;

O ! should’st thou now his proffer’d gifts despise,

From thee for ever the deceiver flies.”

Then with his wand he gently touch’d the fair,

And mix’d insensibly with fluid air.

When now AZÄEL from the sky descends,

And o’er his favourite charge delighted bends ;

But first a base disguise the wary sprite

Assumes, to veil his form from mortal sight ;

His better hand sweet essence seems to bear,

And eyebrow roses in his left appear.

Then thus, “ O, Lady, let thy sorrows cease,

Behold I come to calm thy soul to peace !

The fairest kingdom of the smiling earth,

Thrice happy Gallia, gave thy vassal birth ;

There,

There, where the arts in full perfection shine,
 In early youth I made the greatest mine ;
 The greatest art—cosmetics to prepare,
 And bid the fairest nymph appear more fair ;
 My perfumes to the poles have spread my fame,
 And all the world has heard ENCENSOIR's name !

Behold this wash ! more delicately white,
 More soft, than LUNA's silver-beaming light !
 A bloom like this not HELEN's self could show,
 When pleas'd she rode behind the Trojan Beau ;
 Such lilies far-fam'd NINON never saw,
 Who gave to subject France decisive law ;
 So sweet, so lovely, so divine a hue,
 Ancient or modern beauties never knew !

To thee my greatest labour I resign,
 This wash, inestimable wash ! is thine !
 Then mourn, thrice-honour'd lady, mourn no more,
 This shall thy charms, thy fame, thy power restore :
 Nor shall this liquid transient beauties lend,
 Like that which base pretenders dare to vend.

And

And see, thou favour'd nymph, with rapture see
 A prize more worth than gold reserv'd for thee,
 This bright Tiara"—"Hence!" AURELIA cries,
 "Thy arts I scorn, and all thy gifts despise!
 I know thee foe to virtue, sense and truth,
 Demon of evil, poisoner of my youth!
 Hence! taint my soul no more!"—The virgin said,—
 A rushing whirlwind shook the lofty bed,
 A gathering vapour swam before her eyes,
 From which a form gigantic seem'd to rise,
 Across a variegated cloud he strode,
 And look'd the stately ruin of a God;
 His powder'd locks that fill'd the circling air,
 With rich perfume, were deck'd with studied care;
 Rouge stain'd his hollow cheeks; his pinions, gay
 With starry eyes, upon his shoulders play;
 A painted wand, the symbol of command,
 Glow'd with false gems and trembled in his hand;
 His robes, like shining glass, behind him glide,
 And wave incessant as the restless tide.

“ Ungrateful maid ! unworthy of my care ! ”

The chang'd AZÄEL cried, “ but, yet beware !

Yet once again reflect !—too well I know

Thy soul is warp'd by my detested foe !

What, wilt thou quit this joy-inspiring town,

And change thy tiffues for a linen gown ?

What wilt thou quit this soul-enchanting life,

And turn some pedant's, dull, *pains-taking* wife ?

Think once again, for on this fateful hour

Depends ”—“ Avaunt,” she cries, “ I scorn thy power ! ”

“ Away, my spirits, from this ruin'd maid

Away !—she proudly spurns my guardian aid ! ”—

He said, a second earthquake rocks the floor ;

Thrice on its hinges springs the heaving door ;

From every casket curling volumes rise,

The toilet falls, her glafs in splinters flies :

“ For ever,” cries the Sprite, “ from thee I fly,

And here resign thee to thy new ally ;

To ill-made caps and unbecoming looks,

To country curates and religious books !

Go !

Go! lost AURELIA, hide thy wretched head,
 For all thy glories, all thy joys are fled!
 To some lone country mansion wing thy way,
 Where blasted yews obscure the face of day,
 There learn to candy fruits, and mix with boors,
 More barbarous far than Vandals, Cits, or Moors!
 Or seek a foreign grave, some convent's cell,
 Where marble saints with melting sinners dwell;
 Where captive maids their fatal vow deplore,
 And sigh for pleasures they must know no more!
 There count thy beads, and breathe th' unwilling prayer,
 Forget thy joys, forget thy triumphs there.
 No more shalt thou dear tales of scandal hear,
 No more shall tender flatt'ry sooth thy ear,
 No more shall thousands tremble at thy frown,
 No more thy smiles enliven all the town;
 Thy conquests now to happier belles resign,
 Remorse and black despair be ever thine."

He said—then frowning spreads his spotted wings,
 And through the yawning roof in claps of thunder springs.

AURELIA starts and wakes—she gazes round,
 And sees, unmov'd, her toilet on the ground;
 Sees, unconcern'd, the ruin'd, glittering mass
 And all her pride seems broken with her glass.
 Then thus, “ Bless'd Spirit! by the wise obey'd,
 Who late from folly call'd an erring maid,
 Hear me renounce the mind-debasing strife;
 And swear no more to mix in modish life!”

She spoke—a voice melodious strikes her ear,
 Sweet as the dulcet lute—“ That Power shall hear I
 I am that warning voice, which still shall guide
 Thy wavering steps, and o'er thy life preside;
 I am that voice, which late in robes of gold
 Thy fancy cloath'd, and form'd in human mould,
 But ne'er to mortals was my shape pourtray'd,
 Though many a nymph has heard me and obey'd.
 The fauntering coxcombs of the present day,
 Sedately dull or impudently gay,
 Their best employment fawning to advance,
 And lisp soft nothings in the phrase of France,

These it were vain to counsel or entice,
 Correct in folly, regular in vice !
 But you, ye Fair, I still must hope to win,
 And rouse the latent sense that sleeps within ;
 O ! could you break through Fashion's monstrous rules,
 And scorn the gaudy flattery of fools,
 Far nobler conquests would your virtues gain,
 And Worth and Wisdom mix in Beauty's train."

11:7:49

F I N I S.

There it were vain to counsel or entice,

Correct in folly, regular in vice!

But you, ye Fair, I still must hope to win,

And raise the latent seeds that sleep within;

O! could you break through Fashion's mentious veil,

And learn the ready flattery of fools,

I in nobler conquests would yet virtue gain,

And Woman! When mix'd in Beauty's train,

11. 7. 18

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